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Oxford Democrat.

No. 35, Vol. 2, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, January 3, 1843.

Old Series, No. 46, Vol. 9.

OXFORD DISMISERAT,
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

George W. Clifford,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TEXAS.—One Dollar and Fifty cents in advance.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms;
the Proprietor not being accountable for any error
beyond the amount charged for the advertisement.—
A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in ad-
vance, and no credit will be given for a longer period
than three months.

COMMUNICATIONS and LETTERS on business must
be Post-Paid to insure attention.

Book and Job Printing
Executed with neatness and despatch.

POETRY.

ODE TO WINTER.

When first the fiery-mantled sun
His heavenly race began to run;
Round the earth and ocean blue,
His children four the seasons flow.
First, in green apparel dancing,
The young Spring smiled with angel grace;
Rosy Summer next advancing,
Bust'd into her sire's embrace;
Her bright-hair'd sire, who had her keep
For ever nearest to his smiles,
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,
On India's citron cover'd isles;
More remote and luxuriant,
The queen of vintage bow'd before his throne,
A rich pomegranate gann'd her crown,
A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling Winter fled afar,
To hills that prop the polar star,
And loves on deer-borne car to ride,
With barren Darkness by his side,
Round the shore where Loup Lofudon
Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the shore where Runic Odin
Howls his war-angels to the gales;
Save when down the ravaged globe
He travels on his native storm,
Bollowing Nature's grassy robe,
And trampling on her faded form:
Till light returning lord assume
The shaft that drives him to his polar field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume
And crystal-covered shield.

Oh, sire of storms! whose savage ear
The Lapland-drum delights to hear,
When Phryne with her blood-shot eye
Implores thy dreadful deity,
Archangel! power of desolation!
Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
Spells to touch thy stony heart?
Then, sulter, Winter, hear my prayer,
And gently rule the ruin'd year;
Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear;
To shuddering Wan's unmantled bed
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lead,
And gently on the orphan head
Of Innocence descend.

But chiefly spare, O King of clouds!
The sailor on thy airy shrouds,
When wrecks and beacon strew the steep,
And spectre walls along the deep,
Milder yet thy snowy breezes,
Pour on yonder tented shores,
Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,
Or the dark-brown Danube roars.
O! winds of Winter! list ye there,
To many a dead and dying groan;
Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,
At shricks and blunder louder than your own.
Alas! e'en your unblown'd breath
May spare the victim fallen low;
But man will ask no truce to death,—
No bounds to human woe.

MUTABILITY.

BY SHELLEY.

The flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay
Temptis, and then flies.
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.
Virtue, how frail it is!
Friendship's too rare!
Love, how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy, and all
Which ours call.
Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change are right
Makes glad the day;
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou—and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

HOW TO MARRY.

When you get married don't marry a pet,
A jilt, or a vixen, or yet a coquette;
But marry a maid—that is, if you can—
More fit for the wife of a sensible man.

Look out for a girl that is healthy and young,
With more in her eye than you hear from her tongue;
And tho' she be freckled or burnt to a tan,
Yet she is the girl for a sensible man.

With riches will wretchedness often in life
Go link'd, when your riches are got with a wife;
But marry and make all the riches you can,
Like a bold, independent and sensible man.

Look out for a girl who is gentle and kind,
And modest and silent, and tell her your mind;
If she's wise and bewitching she'll welcome the plan;
And soon be the wife of a sensible man.

Then cherish her excellency wisely and kind,
And be to small fobles indulgently blind,
For so you make happy, if any thing can,
The wife of a sober and sensible man.

A person, high in office, being asked by an
intimate friend, why he did not promote merit,
aptly replied, "Because merit did not promote
me."

MISCELLANY.

From the New Orleans Crescent City.

THE KENTUCKIAN IN MALTA.

A gentleman in this city attached to "Old Ironsides" during her last cruise, has permitted us to dip into his journal, which is as rich as Calhoun's gold mine. The following is peculiarly fine.

"We passed three weeks in Malta, waiting for despatches. Various plans were devised to kill time, and never did it pass so pleasantly away. Fishing, rowing, dinners, wine suppers, etc., formed our principal amusement; and, as the harbor was filled with vessels of all nations, an interchange of courtesies was kept up until our anchor was weighed and 'Old Ironsides' again before the breeze.

"At one of the entertainments given on shore by the officers of a British frigate, the conversation turned upon rifle-shooting, which led to an animated discussion, in which our officers took part.

"I have often heard," said the commander of the Thunderer, that you have some fellows in your country called Kentuckians, who are reckoned great shots with a rifle."

"Yes, sir," replied Lieut. N——, "their fame is great in that line, which is easily accounted for. As soon as they are able to shoulder a rifle, they commence practising, and in course of time become excellent marksmen."

"They may be very clever, but I believe we have better shots on board our vessel."

"I do not belong to that section of the country," observed Lieut. N——, "and have had but little practice with the rifle; but if I mistake not, we have a Kentuckian in our company, who will stand up for his native State."

"Yes, on all occasions," said our purser, a tall muscular descendant of one of the first settlers of the State.

"What say you, then, gentleman, to a shooting match to-morrow morning?"

"Agreed, with all our hearts," said the Yankie.

The next morning the party met in a beautiful grove, and placed their target seventy-five yards distant. The English rifle is different from the American, the barrel being shorter, and the stock heavier. Six picked men from the Thunderer were on the ground, all of whom fired. No one, however, cut the paper (the size of a dollar), although several of the balls were close to it.

The shots were considered excellent by the English and French officers present, and the natives were greatly astonished at the proficiency of the riflemen. The commander of the Thunderer, turning to the purser, said with a smile, "What do you think of that? I take it, you will find it difficult to come up to it."

"You may think so—but I consider it no shooting at all!" said the Kentuckian.

"Vous monter le haut cheval," said a French officer.

"Je vous montrai," said the Kentuckian.

"Fire away," said the Englishman.

"I'll bet a wine supper for all hands," said the Kentuckian, "that I make three shots, every one of which will be better than any yet made, and each succeeding one better than the first."

"I'll take it," said the Englishman, smiling.

The Kentuckian slowly raised a rifle he brought from home and fired. The paper was cut! The second one was better than the first, and the third bored the centre! Nothing could depict the surprise of all present; the Englishmen acknowledged the corn, and said he was satisfied. The Kentuckian enjoyed a hearty laugh, declaring it was nothing to what he could do—that he would be ashamed of such firing in old Kaintuck. Rolling a quid from one quarter of his capacious receiver to another, he continued:

"I must have another shot to show you what can be done with a rifle, and to convince my French friend that I am not boasting."

"I'll take it," said the Englishman, smiling.

The whole party stood silent, in a row, and the Kentuckian retreated about forty yards, making the distance from the tree to where he stood, near one hundred and twenty yards. Ordering a paper of the same size as the other to be put in the same place he reloaded—drew his brimmed beaver over his eyes, and after taking deliberate aim, blazed away.

"That was rather too low," he said

A LETTER FROM GEN. JACKSON.

A letter from the venerable old patriot of the Hermitage always brings sound principle and excellent good sense, and the following, addressed recently to Mr. Dawson, of Cincinnati, comes most apposite to the times. We are sure its perusal will afford our readers abundant satisfaction:

HERMITAGE Nov. 24, 1842.

My dear sir:—Your letter of the 18th instant has just been received, in which you ask permission to publish my letter, or extracts from it, to which you refer. I have no copy of that letter, and when written had no idea of its being published, and as I wrote it in haste, there may be errors both in grammar and spelling which may need correction; still, as you say it may be useful for information to the public, having the greatest confidence in your judgement, the permission you ask is freely given to you. I never put to paper anything but what are my matured opinions.

As the allusions made to my message to Congress, had I strength I would give you the full outlines of the project, if Congress had made the call on me. But why the call was not made upon me, Congress was well aware of my opinion of the constitutional powers of Congress in their legislation for the District, and of the States, with regard to chartering banks. I will give you a concise and hasty view of that opinion. That the power of Congress over the District was equal to that of the states over their respective limits, and that neither had the constitutional power to charter banks of paper issue,—that the only power in this respect was to charter banks based upon specie basis, and of deposit and exchange. The states having resigned to the general government the sovereign power to coin money, regulated to the value thereof, &c., and prohibited themselves from issuing bills of credit, or to make anything a tender in payment of debts but gold and silver coin,—hence the reserved rights of the States contained no power to charter banks with power to issue bills of credit. I ask, what is a bank bill but a bill of credit? The charter allows them to issue three dollars in paper for one of specie. Three five dollar bills are issued; I go to the bank with them, I draw out five dollars in specie. I ask what the two other fives represent. They answer,—nothing but credit. These were well known by Congress to be my opinions, therefore my project was not called for. Many committees representing banks called upon me whilst in the Executive chair, to know if I would not approve a charter upon other terms than based upon a specie basis. My answer always was, that I would approve no other charter; therefore none was presented to me.

I am and ever have been opposed to all kinds of government paper currency, let it be derived from Executive or otherwise. If the paper is the representative of specie, why not pay the debts in specie and circulate it in the hands of the laboring classes? Then the dealings between the merchants and the laborer will be in specie, and the merchant by making a deposit, can get a bill on any part of the Union. Where, then, is the use of a paper currency? Neither the merchant or laborer wants it. The merchant wants a bill not a bank or exchequer bill—but upon a banker, where he lays in his goods as in Germany.

It is one of the greatest humbuggs ever attempted to be imposed upon a people, that there is not specie enough in the world to answer all the necessary wants of the community. Look at Cuba. There is no paper there. Shut out from circulation all paper, and specie will flow to any country that has a paper currency, which will always depreciate. A national paper currency is a great curse to the labor of a country, for the depreciation always falls upon the labor. But with these hints I must close, being exhausted, I am greatly debilitated; and remain your friend,

ANDREW JACKSON.

MOSES DAWSON, Esq.

DOINGS OF CONGRESS.

TUESDAY DEC. 20.

SENATE.—The joint resolution from the house shutting up refectories in the Capitol, was read, and was laid on the table in a manner which indicated no disposition to take it up again.

House.—In the House of Representatives.

The alleged Mutiny on board the brig Somers. Mr. Gwin of Mississippi, proposed a resolution calling on the President of the United States to communicate to the House whatever official communication had been received at the Navy Department in relation to the alleged designed mutiny on board the United States brig Somers commanded by Capt. Slidell Mackenzie; what number of persons have been executed, their names and rank, and the proceedings had on board of said vessel with reference thereto.

Objection being made to the reception of this resolution, it was not passed.

The Repeal of the Bankrupt Law.

This being the day set apart for the consideration of the bill, to repeal this act, introduced last week by Mr. Everett, the House proceeded to its consideration.

The debate was principally between Mr. Everett and Mr. Barnard, the latter gentleman defending the law with much ability.

Mr. Barnard finally moved to commit the bill to the Committee on the Judiciary, giving notice that if this motion should fail, he would, as a chuse of evils, propose to amend the law by striking out the voluntary principle, to take place on the 1st day of July next.

Mr. C. J. Ingersoll moved to commit the bill to the Committee on the Judiciary, with instructions to report a Bankrupt bill, excluding voluntary applications and banks owned by the States and including such corporations not owned by States as issue notes for circulation.

Mr. Arnold called for a division of the instructions.

Mr. Cave Johnson moved the previous question, but it was not seconded—ayes 46, nays not counted.

Messrs. Winthrop, Payne, Gordon, Browne, and Charles Brown of Pa., addressed the House upon the subject.

Mr. Pickens moved the previous question, pending which motion the House adjourned.

Should the previous question be seconded tomorrow, the House will be brought to a direct

vote on the engrossment of the bill to repeal the Bankrupt law.

THURSDAY, Dec. 22

FINE ON GENERAL JACKSON.

The bill introduced by Mr. Linn, to indemnify General Jackson for fine imposed on him at New Orleans while in the discharge of his official duty, came up for consideration, as in committee of the whole; and there being no motion to amend, it was reported to the Senate.

Mr. Linn suggested the propriety of immediately putting the bill upon its third reading; and if there was a disposition on the part of any Senator to oppose it, the opposition could be made after it had received its third reading.

The debate was continued for some time, and at length, the subject was postponed to Tuesday next.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JANUARY 3, 1843.

"FALSEHOOD NAILED TO THE COUNTER."

The leading editorial article in the Tri-Weekly Argus of Dec. 20, has the above caption. People would naturally suppose that a great battle had been fought, and a great victory won, by looking at the above heading. They would suppose that Mr. Case's cause had been triumphantly vindicated by his course, both here and in Massachusetts. We conclude with a paragraph from a learned and elegant writer of the 19th century. "We shall apply it to the great centre of factious hacks in *equilibrio* is easily discerned. Here it is; read it for yourselves. This is the last and only Democratic paper to speak out against twaddlers.

will be deceived by its course. Every true hearted Democrat, regretting that it should have fallen into such wicked hands, will now abandon it as being "treacherous and corrupt!"

The Democracy of Cumberland are fortunate, at this important crisis, in having so staunch and able a Democratic paper as the American to charge Federalism with their new allies in their strong holds. The American will readily supply the defection of the Argus, and lead the Democracy of that County on to glorious victory!

The Bangor Democrat gives Parson Case, the twaddling Editor of the Argus, three months to leave the State and go peacefully back to Massachusetts. We will give the Coon six months to clear out, if he will take his Brother-in-Law, F. O. J. Smith, with him, and give bonds never to return to disturb our harmony or betray our confidence again.

THE BOSTON ALMANAC FOR 1843. In almost every exchange Journal we take up we see some mention of the Boston Almanac. They call it a popular Annual—a convenient compendium of all that is necessary to be known in regard to Rail-Roads, Public Officers, Astronomical Calculations, &c. Mr. Dickinson must send us a copy if he wishes a puff in this quarter. We doubt whether it is such a great affair after all.

[COMMUNICATED.]

TRADE! TRADE! TRADE!

Friend Miltett: Trade is the order of the day. Not a few have gone into trade within a few days; and not a few are going and trading with these new comers and others. Every lady talks about these traders—how cheap they sell their goods—what excellent goods they have treated, etc. etc. Folks are becoming bewitched with these traders. Millerism was "all the go" in the fall, but it has been entirely displaced by trade. The more we trade with these new traders the more they are out "Come and trade."

The reason of goods of all kinds being cheaper than heretofore is obvious. When the great amount of bank paper went out of existence the prices of all merchandise fell. For instance let us suppose that the currency of the country, in 1837, was \$200,000,000, which would be a great amount—we should have high prices. Wheat would be \$20 per bushel, corn \$1, oats 50 cts, &c. Salt at the same time would be at Portland, \$50 per bushel. Molasses 50 cts, a gallon. Sugar 25 cts, a lb. Cotton Cloth a shilling a yard—Broadcloth \$10 a yard, and all other things in proportion. Well, in these times a bushel of wheat would purchase 4 bushels of salt, 4 gallons of Molasses, etc.

Let us again suppose that the currency at this time, 1842, is reduced to half what it was in 1837—Articles of Merchandise would come down accordingly. Gold would be \$100 a hundred. Corn 50 cts, oats 37 1/2 cts, Rye 60 cts. Well we can or ought now to buy goods in even less than half as much as we gave for them in 1837. Therefore if a man gets as much or more now in exchange for his produce than he did five years ago he must not suppose that the storekeeper is making a living business; but on the contrary he must *lead out sharp* or he will not get enough goods in exchange for his produce. Labor is low, material is cheap, manufactures of all kinds are cheap, the products of the soil are likewise cheap; but we tell the former to look out for an equivalent.

I write you, friend Miltett, so that you may give your Farmer readers a single caution. It is this. If our Farmers sell all their produce now, they won't have any to sell next summer, and they will be obliged to buy it back again. Likewise, if they should happen to want a wagon or a horse, or a little boat or cart, they will be entitled to credit, they must remember, at these "New Boston." Let me tell them, through you, that they better not be anxious to get rid of their produce; for Goods are growing cheaper and cheaper every day.

"CAUTIOUSNESS."

Norway, Dec. 29, 1842

For the Democrat.

SURVIVING REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.

There was living in Buckfield at the commencement of the year, sixteen *Heroes of the Revolutionary war*, representing nearly every important battle fought in that great struggle for our Independence. These of their number have, within the past year, been "gathered to the land of their fathers." There are now thirteen remaining, and no one left in the State. The number of these "living monuments of our country's fame," I have thought it would not be uninteresting to your readers to see a list of their names with their ages as near as can be ascertained.

Job Packard, aged 80.
Thomas Berry, " 80.
Sam'l Gilbert, " 81.
Lol Smith, " 81.
Benj' Woolbury, " 81.
Eleazar Parsons, " 81.
Nathaniel Chase, " 82.
Josiah Parsons, " 82.
Tobias Ricker, " 83.
Getheham Davis, " 83.
Jabez Churchill, " 84.
David Lovejoy, " 84.
David Pratt, " 86.
Jacob Whitman, " 90.
Simon Rovord, " 91.
Jonathan Record, " 93.

Thirteen of the above number were able to attend the polls at the last Presidential Election and voted the Democratic ticket, showing that their "riling passion," the preservation of the liberties of their country "was strong," to the last.

Buckfield, Dec. 24, 1842.

Died within the year.

The following article was intended for our last paper, but was crowded out for want of room.

CHURCH MUSIC.

Friend Miltett: Having a few leisure moments I sat down to acquaint the community, through your paper, with some of the feelings that are rife in relation to Church Music. My remarks have reference to Paris Hill. Things go wrong in regard to this matter, and have this long time. It is no harm to speak truth if it is done with the best of motives, even if it should be found to rebuke certain modes of action, or run head first against long established customs. The best way to reform a society is to point them out; and then let them know that it is a fact that the musical society will forsake an evil habit or a vicious course till they are first made acquainted with it. It may be wrong to call our Sacred Music an evil, or its tendency vicious, yet it is performed often in very bad taste.

The reason of this is, to some, at least, very obvious. When we have a Singing School, the Society subscribes liberally—the School is large—they have an excellent one; and when it is done some of the learners take a seat in the Choir and some do not. But generally there are more who do not, than those who do. Well, the old Singers, who have not gone to School, or have only gone occasionally, take their seats in the Choir, as a matter of course, and the singing very soon shows that the School has been of no benefit.

A Choir to perform music well, must be taught together—they must accent—keep time—pronounce their words—sing soft and loud—slow and fast—grave or jocund—all together. And to accomplish all this they must all be trained in music, & discipline, and often the getting rid of old habits. Can we accomplish this without result and attain to excellence in singing, while we allow new learned singers to leave their seats and old ones to take their places? Old singers need not think they are not wanted to sing, by what has been said. By no means; for were they to stay away we should have no kind of music. I only wish to say that it is an error in the first place to pay out money to learn singers to sing, and then have them leave the seats. And it is in the second place an unavoidable er-

Court of Enquiry on board the North Carolina. This Court commenced its sessions on Wednesday Dec. 28. The North Carolina at present is lying off the Navy Yard at Brooklyn. The Somers lies near. The Court is composed as follows:—
Commodore Charles Stewart, President.
" Jacob Jones, Assistant.
" Alex. J. Dallas, Jr.
Hon. Ogden Hoffman, Judge Advocate.

The Court was organized by the administration of the usual oaths. There was no business transacted on this day of any interest. Capt. McKenzie was present and it is said his "manner was singularly composed

and dignified." The Court, after making some arrangements for the trial, adjourned to half past eleven o'clock the next day.

Read the following article on "Political Trimming" from the Maine [Saco] Democrat. It has no reference at all (3) to a certain Editor, not a thousand miles off, who has recently received a portion of the U. S. printing. The article is full of instruction and sound doctrine. Its applicability to certain recent cases of political hacks in *equilibrio* is easily discerned. Here it is; read it for yourselves. This is the last and only Democratic paper to speak out against twaddlers.

From the Mains Democrat.

"POLITICAL TRIMMING."

" Whenever a leading politician is in that strait, that it needs letters and essays to define his position, it is pretty sure sign he has wavered from the doctrines of the old creed—become conservative—and about to go over to the other side.

Such is now the state of affairs in this country, that it does not require a great stretch of thought to bring to view the final result to all political trimmers. Since the last election,—since Mr. Tyler has had command of affairs, it has been rather in bad odor for a political man to be found standing at the footstool of the present Cabinet, asking favors—and just so it should be.

Nothing would be more conclusive evidence of a trimming politician, than subserviency to the powers that be. Now is the time for a man to adhere to, and go for principles—turning neither to the right hand nor the left, until the final consummation of power is again bestowed through the suffrage of the people, into democratic hands.

" The question may well be asked,—who are the men standing in the front ranks of democracy?—and the answer is as plain as that two and two make four, Van Buren and Benton, with many others that could be named—and these have, ever since the days that drove Adams from the field, been always on the safe and right track.

To those, and such as these, does the Democracy of the whole country look, for such men never will desert the great principles of Jefferson and Jackson.

" It is a wide mistake in a man to seek popularity at the expense of his political integrity—or even suppose that a new track is to be laid out,

different from that already marked out by the people. No man can lead the democratic party

the mass of the people are honest, and it occasionally by the great trust they repose in men, they should lose sight of the true patriot, it cannot be long that they will continue deceived.

" We always think that man wide of the mark who supposes that the cloven foot of federalism is not seen in a conservative movement of a political leader—and that editor standing sentinel for the party, must lose the confidence of all, when he undertakes to lead his party astray by forsaking the principles of his own to heap fulsome praise upon the leaders, his opponents, as political men.

" We often hear tell of man-worship from the opposition. But what is clearer proof of constancy to principles, than the readiness with which all honest democrats leave a man to his own political shame, so soon as he steps aside to pay his worship at the shrine of federalism?

" No man has been lauded higher, and no man held more strongly for a time, the affections of the democratic party of this State, than F. O. J. Smith. So long as he went in the line marked out by the people, and was willing to be their servant, faithfully to carry out the principles of democracy, so long was he upheld. But mark the result. When he set up in business for himself, turned dictator, and advanced other doctrines, not of the school that reared him, he was left, and in less than three years from his apostasy, he is numbered with the political hacks, laid upon the shelf, held in utter contempt by the one party, and despised for his treachery by the second, and even shunned by the almost no party of Mr. Tyler. And such will be the fate of all who seek to dictate, rather than to follow in the old paths of republican principles.

" Political trimmers have always sealed their own fate—and should thus serve as a warning to any one, standing ever so high, how he dares vary from the true school principles of '76."

The following is an extract from a letter received in this town from a distinguished Democrat in the Eastern part of the State.

" It is now apparent that the Conservatives are, in a body, seeking to renew their connection with the Democratic party by attaching themselves, in the first instance, to the administration of President Tyler, and that they intend to come back, not as repentant transgressors, but as leaders and dictators. Will the Democratic party receive them on such terms? I trust and hope not. They deserved us at a moment when their treachery could do us most mischief, and now when we have just recovered from the effects of their desertion, they proffer their services, not as recruits, but as leaders and Generals of the Democratic host!—Let us leave them to President Tyler, if he chooses to rely upon them, but contract with them no alliance which will embarrass and perplex us when we get a Democratic Administration into power. The Age has dealt some blows to those political weather-cocks [Case and Smith] who bought up the Portland Argus to control the Democracy of the State. And as far as I can learn our friends are universally of the opinion that the rebuke was just and well merited. It is now very obvious that it was one of F. O. J. Smith's cunning devices to get his Brother-in-Law Case to buy up the Argus in his name, and by the influence which the former reputation of that paper possessed, place him at the head of the Democratic party in Maine, and require them to bestow upon him their choicest honors, or in the hour of its greatest need again sell them, Arnold like, to the enemy. The Democracy may congratulate themselves in the discovery, thus early made, of these secret designs against the peace and safety of the party. The Arnold's are now hanging upon a dry tree, and let no one be regarded as a friend to our glorious cause who would attempt to introduce such apostates as Smith, Ruggles, Case, and the Goodnows again into our ranks. All have perfectly understood the ulterior designs of the Portland Argus, and no one

